

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 61.—No. 24.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

PRICE: 4d. Unstamped.
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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (LIMITED).

THIS DAY (SATURDAY), June 16, Grand Morning Performance, CARMEN (to commence at Two o'clock). Mdme Pauline Lucca, Mdme Repetto; Signor Del Puente, Signor Soulaucroix, and Signor Ravelli. Conductor—Mons. DUPOST.

Mdme Adelina Patti.

This Evening, (SATURDAY) June 16, **IL BARRIERE DI SIVIGLIA**, (to commence at 8.30.) Mdme Adelina Patti; Signor Cotogni, Signor de Reszke, and Signor Nicolini. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

MONDAY Next, June 18, **LA GIOCONDA**, (to commence at eight o'clock.) Mdme Maria Durand, Mdme Tremelli, Mdme Stahl; Signor Cotogni, Signor de Reszke, and Signor Marconi. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

Second appearance this season of Mdme Adelina Patti.

TUESDAY Next, June 19, **LA TRAVIATA**. Mdme Adelina Patti, Signor Cotogni, and Signor Nicolini.

WEDNESDAY, June 20, **AIDA**. Mdme Maria Durand, Mdme Stahl, Mons. Devoyod, Signor de Reszke, and Signor Ravelli.

THURSDAY, June 21, **LE NOZZE DI FIGARO**. Mdme Albani, Mdme Repetto, and Mdme Pauline Lucca.

Doors open half-an-hour before the performance commences.

The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 1s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 1s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

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His Serene Highness the Duke and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of TECK.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT has the honour to announce his **FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT**, to begin at Two o'clock, on TUESDAY, June 26th.

A few Sofa Stalls, £1 1s., for which immediate application is solicited; and Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 3s., to be had of all the principal Librarians and Music-sellers; at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; and of Sir J. Benedict, No. 2, Manchester Square, W.

MDLE VICTORIA DE BUNSEN'S GRAND SCANDINAVIAN CONCERT (Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish), under the distinguished Patronage of

H. R. Highness the Princess of WALES.
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H. R. and Imperial Highness the Duchess of EDINBURGH.
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H. R. Highness the Duchess of ALBANY.
His Grace the Duke of WESTMINSTER.

His Excellency the German Ambassador and Countess Marie Munster, Their Excellencies the Turkish, Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish Ambassadors, and others, will take place at **PORTMAN HOUSE**, Portman Square (by kind permission of Hon. Mr and Mrs PORTMAN), June 19th, at Three o'clock. Scandinavian Artists: Mdmes Howitz, Schow (of the Royal Opera, Copenhagen), Victoria and Felicia de Bunsen; Messrs Nordblom, Lovenstjerne, Fogelberg, and Samson. In addition to the Scandinavians the following Artists will appear: Mdme Marie Roze, Messrs Barrington Foote, Parisotti, Thorndike, Cousins (piano), Hess (violin), Hollman (violinello), Sir Julius Benedict, and Signor Li Calsi. Tickets, One Guinea each; Family Tickets to admit Three, Two Guineas; of Mdme Victoria de Bunsen, 41, George Street, Portman Square; and Chappell & Co., New Bond Street.

MDME MATHILDE ZIMMERI has the honour to announce that she will give a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT**, at PRINCE'S HALL, Piccadilly, on WEDNESDAY Next, June 20th, at Half-past Eight o'clock, assisted by the following eminent Artists: Pianoforte—Mdme Solie Menter; Violin—M. Ovide Musin; Violoncello—M. Adolphe Fischer (from Paris, his first appearance in England); Mrs Irene Ware, and Signor Bonnetti. Conductors—Mr ALBERTO RANDEGGER and Mr W. GANZ. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 3s., to be had of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; J. B. Cramer & Co., 199, Regent Street; Schott & Co., 159, Regent Street; A. Hays, 4, Royal Exchange, and 26, Old Bond Street; at the Hall; and of Mdme Zimmeri, 13, Selwood Place, Onslow Gardens, S.W.

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MR JOHN THOMAS (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen)

begs to announce that his **GRAND HARP CONCERT** will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on SATURDAY Afternoon, June 23rd, at Three o'clock precisely. Harp Solos, Harp Duets, Songs with Harp Accompaniment, and BAND OF HARPS. Vocalists—Mdme Marie Roze, Mdme Rose Hersee, Mdme Edith Wynne, and Miss Santley; Mdme Enriquez and Miss Hope Glenn; Mr W. H. Cummings; Mr Lewis Thomas and Mr Santley. Harp—Mr John Thomas, Signor Lebano, and Mr T. H. Wright. Band of Harps—Misses Adelaide Arnold, Lucretia Arnold, Ida Audain, Edith Brand, Florence Chaplin, Frances Howell, Johnson, Annie Jones, Lucy Leach, Viola Trust, Mrs Finer, Mrs John Williams, Signor Lebano, and Mr T. H. Wright. Conductor—Mr JOHN THOMAS. Tickets—Sofa Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Balcony, Five Shillings; Area, Half-a-Crown; Gallery, One Shilling; to be obtained of the principal Music-sellers and Librarians; at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; and of Mr JOHN THOMAS, 53, Welbeck Street, W.

M. SAINTON'S FAREWELL CONCERT, ROYAL ALBERT HALL, on MONDAY, June 25, at 2.30 (under the patronage of his Excellency the French Ambassador).

Mdme Adelina Patti, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Hilda Coward, Miss Annie Lord, Miss Damian, and Mdme Trebelli; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Vernon Rigby, Signor Scovello, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley. Mdme Sainton-Dolby will re-appear on this occasion only and sing two of her favourite songs. The Coward Family Quartet. Orchestra of 100 performers. Pianoforte—Misses Gyde and Cantelo. Violoncello—M. Lasserre. Harmonium—Mr Louis Engel. Conductors—Sir Julius Benedict, Mr Frederick Cowen, Mr Leopold, Mr Willing and Mr Randegger. Further particulars will be duly announced. Tickets, 21s., 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 2s., can be had at Austin's, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

MDME ADELINA PATTI will make her First Appearance at the Royal Albert Hall this season at M. SAINTON'S FAREWELL CONCERT, on Monday afternoon, June 25th, commencing at 2.30.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—ST JAMES'S HALL. HERR HANS RICHTER, Conductor; Herr ERNST SCHLEVER, Leader; Herr THEODOR FRANTZEN, Chorus Director.—SEVENTH CONCERT, (and Last but Two of the Season), MONDAY Evening Next, at Eight o'clock.

Programme:—Overture, *Tannhauser* (Wagner); Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra (Schumann); Violoncello, Herr Hausmann, Priestel, *Die Meistersinger* (Wagner), Mr Edward Lloyd; Symphonic Poem, "Mazepa" (Liszt); Symphony No. 2 in D, Lloyd; Dates of the remaining Concerts: June 25 and July 2—Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., at the usual Agents, and at Austin's, St James's Hall.

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"A very beautiful, very original song."—*St James's Gazette*.

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SIGNOR ARDITI begs to announce that his **ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT** will take place on TUESDAY, July 3rd, at PRINCE'S HALL, Piccadilly. Further particulars will be duly announced.

A DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL RECITAL will be given at MARLBOROUGH ROOMS, 307, Regent Street, on FRIDAY, June 22nd, at Half-past Two o'clock. Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Rosa Kenney, Miss Aylmer Gowing, Miss Harriet Sasse, Messrs Herbert Standing, Isidore de Lara, Miss C. P. Colnaghi, and Mdm Edith Wynne will assist, with other distinguished Artists, Vocal and Instrumental. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., to be obtained of Mrs CHARLES LAMB KENNEY, 27, Talbot Road; and Marlborough Rooms.

MIDLE CAMILLE NORDMANN'S MATINÉE MUSICAL will take place, by kind permission of Mrs JEMMETT-BROWNE, at 93, CORNWALL GARDENS, on THURSDAY, June 28th, to commence at Three o'clock. Artists—Mdm Liebhart, Mdlle Avigliana, Mdlle Maziali, Signor Tecchi, Mr A. Cattermole, and Signor Zoboli; Mdlle Marianne Eisler, Mdlle Emmy Eisler, and Herr Oberthür. Recitations by Mr James Rattray. Conductors—Sir Julius Benedict, Mr Kuhe, Signor Romili, and Mr W. Ganz. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, of Mdlle Nordmann, 46, Upper Baker Street, and Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

HERR S. LEHMEYER'S SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL, at 62, HARLEY STREET, Cavendish Square, by kind permission of Mdm DE MARZAN, July 17th, at Three, when he will introduce some of his Pupils, and eminent Vocalists. Conductors—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Mr GANZ.

THIS DAY.

MR WALLWORTH'S RECITAL of his Opera, KEVIN'S CHOICE, and CONCERT for his Pupils, STEINWAY HALL, THIS DAY (Saturday), June 16th, at 2.30. Programmes and Tickets of Mr Wallworth, 88, Wimpole Street, W.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder, and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Seventeenth Season, 1883. The 221st SOIRÉE MUSICALE, for the introduction of Artists, will take place on TUESDAY, June 19th, at KENSINGTON PARK ROAD. The 7th CONCERT (Herr SCHUBERTH'S BENEFIT), will take place on THURSDAY Evening, 28th June, at ST JAMES'S HALL.

H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

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WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL."

TWELVE Performances of the late RICHARD WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL" will be given at BAYREUTH on Alternate Days, from July 8th.—TRAVELLING TICKETS may be had from THOMAS COOK & SON, Ludgate Circus, or 35, Piccadilly, where Seats may be booked.

WANTED.—An AGENT to secure CONCERTS and "AT HOMES" SOIRÉES, &c., in Town or Country for a SOPRANO VOCALIST of St. James's Hall, Albert Hall, Prince's Hall. Address—F. R., care of Messrs MOUTRIE & SON, 55, Baker Street, Portman Square.

"MEMORIES SWEET AND SAD."

Words by M. A. BAINES.

Music by W. H. HOLMES.

THIS much admired Song will be sung at Miss Emma Barker's Concert, July 3rd, by Mr CHARLES ABERCROMBIE, and at all his Engagements. Free by post, 2s. London: DUNCAN DAIVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"THAT DAY."

MISS JOSÉ SHERRINGTON will sing Tosti's popular Song, "THAT DAY," at Peckham, June 18th.—RECORD, 265, Regent Street, W.

"THE TIME OF ROSES."

MISS GERTRUDE DE LILLE will sing MINA GOULD'S admired Song, "THE TIME OF ROSES," at the Royal Aquarium Concert, Brighton, this day, Saturday, June 16th.

"OH LADY LEAVE THY SILKEN THREAD."

MR JOSEPH LYNDE will sing IGNACE GIBSON'S new Song, "OH LADY LEAVE THY SILKEN THREAD," at Mr Avant's Concert, at Steinway Hall, June 19th.

LA VIVANDIÈRE. An original Operetta, for Two Vocalists (Mezzo-Soprano and Tenor). Written and adapted by WELLINGTON GUERNEY, the Music composed by AUGUST PILATI. Price, net, 7s. 6d. The Libretto, 6d. This charming Operetta was performed 50 nights at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and is suitable for performance in any Theatre, Concert or Drawing Room, the music being effective, brilliant, easy, and melodious. —London: DUNCAN DAIVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Collection of Italian Violins of the late Joseph S. Hulse, Esq., of Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire.

MESSRS PUTTICK & SIMPSON will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 47, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C., on MONDAY, June 25, at ten minutes past One o'clock precisely, the Valuable collection of about SIXTY ITALIAN VIOLINS, formed by the late Joseph S. Hulse, Esq., of Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire, comprising examples by Stradivarius, Guarnerius, Amati, Bergozzi, &c. Catalogues on receipt of Two stamps.

Musical Instruments.

MESSRS PUTTICK & SIMPSON will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 47, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C., on TUESDAY, June 26, at ten minutes past One o'clock precisely, a large assemblage of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, comprising Pianofortes, Harmoniums, Harps, Violins, Violoncellos, Wind Instruments, &c., from various sources. Catalogues on receipt of Two stamps.

The Orchestral and General Library of Music of the late William Laidlaw, Esq., of Liverpool.

MESSRS PUTTICK & SIMPSON will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 47, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C., on WEDNESDAY, June 27, at ten minutes past One o'clock precisely, the very extensive ORCHESTRAL and GENERAL LIBRARY of MUSIC of the late Wm. Laidlaw, Esq., of Liverpool (by order of the Executors).

BORD'S PIANOS ON SALE, with 25 per cent. discount for cash, or 15s. per month (second-hand 10s. 6d. per month) on the Three Years Hire System.—Lists free of C. STILES & Co., 42, Southampton Row, Holborn. Pianos exchanged.

Just Published.

EPPING FOREST. Song. Words by OLIVER BRAND. Music by LEONARD GAUTIER. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAIVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

SUNG BY MISS ALICE FAIRMAN.

"AT MORN I BESEECH THEE." Sacred Song, rapturously encored at Mdm Liebhart's Concert, Words by GABRIEL (12th Century), Music by MICHAEL BERGSON, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAIVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

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MUSIC AT BUCHAREST.

(From a Correspondent.)

SIR,—Your charming and gifted compatriot, M^{me} Démètre Jonesco, so admired and esteemed in this city, gave a concert, at the Salle de l'Athénée, on Saturday, which proved successful beyond expectation. It was, indeed, a "concert de bienfaisance," on behalf of the English School and Church here; and, as might have been anticipated, was attended by a large number of ladies and gentlemen belonging to our English colony. At the same time all the rank, wealth, and fashion of our capital honoured the occasion by their presence, and applauded the fair English pianist as her various performances so richly merited. One of our foremost journals, *La Gazette de Roumanie* (the only one published in French), writes, in its musical *feuilleton*—signature, "M. L. K."—as below:—

"M^{me} Démètre Jonesco est une pianiste qui a fait ses preuves en Angleterre et que le public de Bucarest n'avait pas encore eu l'occasion d'entendre. C'est à une œuvre intéressante, celle de l'Ecole anglaise, que M^{me} Jonesco a voulu dédier les débuts de son beau talent. Son succès a été très-grand; il a été partagé par les dilettantes et les artistes qui l'avaient aidée dans cette tâche toujours difficile d'organiser un concert. M^{me} Szekuliz, une cantatrice de bonne école; Messieurs Vladoiano, Löbel, Schipek, et Dimitresco ont brillamment tenu leur place dans un programme très attrayant. La salle de l'Athénée était remplie comme aux grands jours. Toute la colonie anglaise et allemande soit dilettantisme, soit intention charitable, s'y était donné rendez-vous."

I append the programme, which, you will see—the songs of Gluck and Schubert excepted—is all of the modern type; and, I confess, I should have preferred a little more of the "ancient." (I don't reckon Chopin among the ancients. Do you?)

Quintet (Schumann), M^{me} D. Jonesco, Mr Vladoiano, Löbel, Schipek et Dimitresco; Air, "Che farò," *Orfeo* (Gluck), M^{me} Szekuliz; Solos, violoncello:—"Fantaisie sur des airs Scandinaves" (De Swert), "Air du Dauphin" (Roechel), M. Dimitresco; Solos, pianoforte:—(a) "Romance" (Rubinstein), (b) "Marche nuptiale Norvégienne" (Grieg), (c) "Chœur des fileuses" (Wagner-Liszt), M^{me} D. Jonesco; Lieder:—"Halt," "Wohin," "Der Neugierige" (Schubert), M^{me} Szekuliz; Introduction et Polonaise Brillante (Chopin), M^{me} Jonesco et M. Dimitresco.

The critic's appreciation of M^{me} Démètre Jonesco's talent will be read with satisfaction by her many admirers and well-wishers in the land of "John Bull." Here it is:—

"M^{me} Démètre Jonesco s'est montrée dans les différents morceaux qu'elle a exécutés, artiste de valeur, au style sobre et correct, au jeu précis et sûr d'elle-même jusque dans les plus petits détails. Une sonorité exceptionnelle et l'art des nuances complètent cet ensemble de qualités remarquables. La jeune et charmante artiste a recueilli les bravos les plus enthousiastes et une moisson parfumée de roses si abondante que ses mains ne pouvaient plus la contenir."

"M^{me} D. Jonesco, dont la grâce originale et la physionomie expressive sont marquées au coin des beautés d'Albion, portait une vapoureuse toilette toute fleuri de boutons de roses; en sautoir, un grand cordon des mêmes fleurs et qui pourrait bien être celui du talent, de la beauté et de la grâce."

M^{me} Szekuliz is then highly praised, especially for her interpretation of Schubert's *Lieder*; but when the writer says:—"Schubert a ce privilège, ou d'être extraordinairement envieux ou adorablement charmant," I cannot follow him, not being furnished with sufficient length of line to get at the bottom of his ideas; but, when he adds the subjoined, I eagerly shake hands with him:—

"Charme, diction, délicatesse d'accent, ombre et lumière, M^{me} Szekuliz sait tout mettre à son point véritable pour faire de chacun de ces *Lieder* un petit chef-d'œuvre qu'on a écouté avec ravissement et qu'on aurait voulu pouvoir entendre encore. Par ce temps de tyroliennes et de plates romances qui, patronnées par une soi-disant nouvelle école, sévissent comme une épidémie on est heureux d'entendre de la vraie musique chantée par une véritable artiste."

Good, "M. L. K." I respect you (as I do M^{me} Jonesco) as an equestrian.

One more citation from the *feuilleton*, and I have exhausted my theme:—

"Messieurs Vladoiano, Löbel, Schipek et Dimitresco ne doivent pas être oubliés dans l'expression des remerciements du public. Le

quintet de Schumann, une œuvre sérieuse et profonde, a été exécutée par eux avec une entente véritable de la pensée du maître. M. Dimitresco a également secondé brillamment M^{me} Jonesco dans la polonaise de Chopin et a fait applaudir son jeu expressif dans deux morceaux pleins d'originalité et de sentiment."

Since the incessant rains have departed, and to cite Wordsworth—

"The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
Small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
Green fields sleep in the sun," &c.—

there have been a good many concerts in Bucharest; but the concert of M^{me} Jonesco was worth them all put together.

Bucharest, May 18.

F. M. D.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

A Hamburg correspondent writes to *The Daily News* dramatic critic as below:—

"M^{me} Sarah Bernhardt has left Stockholm with her company, after five performances of *Fédora* and *Pierrot-Assassin*. The reception accorded to the famous French actress was brilliant, and strictly in keeping with the predilection of the Swedes for everything that is essentially French. Thousands of persons lined the streets from the Grand Hotel, where M^{me} Bernhardt had taken up her abode, to the Royal Theatre each time that she passed to and fro, and after every performance a serenade was regularly given to her beneath the windows of the hotel. Further in her honour an expedition was arranged to Saltsjön (Salt Sea) to witness the rising of the sun, the intendant of the Royal Theatre giving a supper on the deck of the steam vessel, at which a toast was drunk to 'Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest of living actresses,' while a choir of Upsala students sang Swedish national songs. King Oscar, who was present at every one of the five performances, granted an audience to the actress, whom he decorated with a gold medal and a crown of brilliants bearing the inscription, 'Literis et artibus.'"

FREE TRADE OR PROTECTION?

Friends of "MUSIC," honesty, and of a decently protective tariff for brain work as well as for physical labour, are respectfully invited to regard the enclosed indulgently, considerably, and generously. That I desert the Academy of Music, where I have paid full rent for so many seasons, is simply to avoid being handicapped by the oppressive restrictions, and offensive superciliousness of an institution which, professing to be the hotbed of "American Music," has been, in fact, its greatest enemy for thirty-three years. If a school of Operatic composers is ever grown in America, it will not be owing to such fraudulent "Academies," all over the country, but

In spite of them,

for they entirely ignore the necessity of sowing the seeds of Art (*Vide Laws of N. Y., for April 10th, 1852*), while they help to starve those who

Sow the seeds.

The undersigned relies upon the common sense of his fellow citizens to justify in a measure his perhaps unusual but certainly consistent and philosophical views of his question.—Respectfully,

JEROME HOPKINS.

37, University Place, New York.

The Italian operatic season at the Teatro del Circo, Nice, was inaugurated with *Pipelo*, which has been followed by *Le Educande di Sorrento* and *Crispino e la Comare*.

FLORENCE.—Graffigna will produce at the Loggie in the autumn an opera, *Il Conte di Robinson*. The music is, of course, new, or supposed to be, but the book is that of Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, re-named. Some years since Graffigna re-set the book of Rossini's *Barbiere*. Like his predecessors in former days, he is evidently of opinion that the same libretto may serve more than once, and in support of his opinion may tell us that from 1727 to 1793 *Alessandro nelle Indie* was furnished with scores by thirty-eight composers, while thirty-six composers performed the same kind office for Metastasio's book of *Dilone abbandonata*.

GIOCONDA.

The second performance of *La Gioconda* confirmed the success of the first, both as regards the execution of the work generally and the unquestionable claims of the new *prima donna*, Mme Marie Durand. It would occupy more space than we have at command to enter into a detailed specification of the plot, or to show wherein and how often Signor Boito, author and composer of *Mefistofele*, has chosen to arrange and disarrange the materials placed at his disposal by the lugubrious, though absorbing, drama of Victor Hugo. The task, as readers of the *Graphic* have already been informed, had long ago been undertaken by the librettist of an opera entitled *Il Giuramento* (produced in 1837 at the Scala, Milan), from the pen of the laborious and fecund, if never very decidedly original, Saverio Mercadante—who, by the way (like his successor), while changing the names of the leading *dramatis personæ*, as well as the place of action, and diverging in other points from the original, adheres, on the whole, more closely to the French dramatist's *scenario*. Further to discuss the question, however, would be superfluous. The story of *Angelo, Tyrant of Padoue*, is sufficiently well known, and *Il Giuramento* has been heard, not only at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Mr Benjamin Lumley's management (1840 and 1845), but at Drury Lane when Mr E. T. Smith was director (June, 1859). *La Gioconda* proclaims itself at once as an Italian *opera seria* of the modern school, in some small degree influenced by French and Teutonic examples, but bearing no more affinity to the Wagner teachings than to the ravings of a "genial madman"—a phrase applied by Wagner himself to Beethoven, in one of the famous passages of that extraordinary treatise, *Oper und Drama*.^{*} In fact, Ponchielli is an Italian *pur sang*—

"For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit."

He has said it convincingly enough in *La Gioconda*, and in this respect, by transferring the scene from gloomy Padua to the once gay and sparkling Venice, whatever may be thought of the other liberties taken with Victor Hugo, Signor Boito has rendered the composer essential service by presenting opportunities for contrast which in the original play do not exist, and which were overlooked in Mercadante's libretto. Verdi, with his frequent *collaborateur*, Piave, would have accepted *Angelo* pretty nearly as it stood, and out of it would doubtless have made as fine an opera as *Ernani*, *Il Trovatore*, or *Rigoletto*. But we think Signor Ponchielli did wisely not to tread in Verdi's footsteps, for in the treatment of melodramatic tragedy "long drawn out" Verdi has no existing rival, while as a fruitful melodist, depending almost always on his own resources, he is equally unmatched. Upon the plot of *Angelo*, as used for his own purposes by Signor Boito (under the somewhat affected anagram of "Tobia Gorrio") it is unnecessary to enter into detail, our contemporaries, daily and weekly, having informed the public profusely on the point. Those—and they must be many—who have read Victor Hugo's drama will easily observe the changes made by the Italian librettist, and admit that with some exceptions, the *dénouement* above all, they are contrived with fair results. Changes of names count for nothing. They have been accepted with equanimity, not only in Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*, but in two of Verdi's most admired and popular operas, *Rigoletto* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*. The cruel and revengeful *Angelo*, however, now transported from Padua to Venice, as *Alvise Badoero*, preserves all his uninviting characteristics; and so does, happily, the unselfish, suffering, and devoted *Tiabe*, metamorphosed from the brilliant and fashionable actress into a street-ballad singer, supporting a blind mother by the exercise of her humble vocation. This blind mother, by the way, is here made to act a more important part than in the original play; and not less so *Homodei*, the Inquisitorial spy, now taking the name (for what reason "no fellow can understand"—except Signor Boito, who can hardly wish to pass off the book as one of his own unaided concoction), into *Barnaba*. The other leading characters—*Laura*, wife of *Alvise*, chief of the "Council of Ten"; *Enzo Grimaldo*, a Genoese nobleman, who had obtained *Laura*'s consent before her forced marriage, who still loves her as she still loves him, and who, moreover, has won the affections of *Gioconda*, must speak for themselves. Enough that the

^{*} In *re* Berlioz, and the "hurried strokes," at which Berlioz looked "with anxious polyscopy."—*Dr Blüde*.

heroine, whose name is given to the opera, is a martyr suffering for the derelictions of others, and falling a victim in the end to her own generosity and spirit of self-sacrifice. But this has all been told at length. We have frequently urged the production of *La Gioconda*, which, though really the only indisputably successful of its composer's dramatic essays, has been so highly lauded in Italy and elsewhere as to stimulate curiosity to the utmost. The result is no more than was expected. The opera is precisely of the type of Donizetti's too-much-undervalued *Lucrezia Borgia*, with a stamp of Verdi, here and there, on the face of it. That Signor Ponchielli is an accomplished musician, far above the level of Marchetti (whose *Ruy Blas* may be still remembered) and others of that class, is unquestionable; but that he is ever likely to occupy so commanding a position as to be accepted for an *inventor* in his art—a "genius," so to speak—we are in no way inclined to believe. His music is fluent and melodious from beginning to end, but devoid of that sign of freshness and spontaneity which would enable him, like Verdi, and before Verdi, Rossini, to bring about a revolution in his art, and thus be hailed as what the "advanced" school term an "epoch maker." In short, Signor Ponchielli moves pretty strictly in the old groove of Donizetti, who, though undoubtedly a thorough master in his way, was no more an "epoch maker" than his clever and brilliant successor. He is especially happy in his choruses, and among these he is provided with opportunities in *La Gioconda* which he has turned to the brightest account. For the most part they are of simple texture, but that detracts nothing from their general effect. Like the majority of his famous compatriots Ponchielli has the skill of writing for voices almost exceptionally belonging to Italian art; and this he shows equally in his solo airs, duets, trios, and even recitatives, which, while carrying out the action, stage by stage, separate one piece of "absolute" music from another. His ballet music, too, is always tuneful and sparkling, though rarely exhibiting the exuberant flow of unsought melody to be met with, for example, in Rossini (*Guillaume Tell*), Auber (*Masaniello*, *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, &c.), or Meyerbeer (*Robert le Diable* and *Le Prophète*). His orchestration, while thoroughly adequate for his purposes, is as clear and unpretending as his vocal part-writing; he knows the calibre of all the instruments full well, and handles them, whether in *obligato* or in combination, with invariable facility. About the construction of his concerted pieces a good deal might be said; but it must suffice to state that the *finale* to Act III., the most ambitious of all, may in some degree not unfavourably compare with that to the second act of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*—an acknowledged masterpiece. To discuss severally the five-and-twenty numbers into which *La Gioconda* is divided and subdivided would greatly exceed our limits. The foregoing observations must, therefore, be accepted as a general estimate, with the addition that they imply a highly promising verdict, an unequivocal admission of the merits of our new aspirant for the "freedom" of the City of London, and a confirmed belief that he will no longer remain a stranger among us. Whatever was requisite to ensure success for *La Gioconda* has been provided by the management. Mme Marie Durand, already recognized on the Continent, is an artist in all respects to be esteemed. A singer of no ordinary pretensions, and a genuine actress to boot, she is thoroughly fitted for the very interesting character of *Gioconda*, and portrays it in perfection. Her reception, from first to last on both occasions, was unanimously cordial, and she may be said to have at once established herself in public opinion. The other leading parts are more than adequately sustained by Mdle Tremelli (*La Cieca*), Mdle Stahl (*Laura*), Signor De Reszke (*Alvise Badoero*), and Signor Cotogni (*Barnaba*). The *mise-en-scène* is worthy of the Royal Italian Opera; while the orchestra and chorus, under the able direction of Signor Bevignani, are all that could be wished. About "encores" and "re-calls" it is needless to speak. Wagner makes "encores" pretty nearly impossible, and we entirely agree with him that both "encores" and "re-calls" are absurdities.—*Graphic*, June 9.

MUNICH.—After belonging to it for eight years, Theodor Reichmann, the baritone, has ceased to be a member of the operatic company at the Theatre Royal. He took his leave in Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*. He was loudly applauded, and at the end of the performance made a short speech, in which he hinted he might some day return. (Grammercy!—*Dr Blüde*.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Last season we had an excess of Wagner. He was heard everywhere and presented in all his forms, from the milk of the *Flying Dutchman* to the exceedingly strong meat of the *Nibelung's Ring*. Now, of course, a reaction has set in—one such as the event of the master's death has not been able to make head against, for on Thursday night his music was heard for the first time this year in an English lyric theatre. We point out the fact without attaching to it any special significance. It is a natural result of what took place in 1882. Choice was made of *Lohengrin* for the occasion in question; combined with the charm of Wagner's most beautiful opera being the attraction of Mme Albani's Elsa, which the master himself approved, and the interest arising from the first appearance of Mr Maas as the Knight of the Swan. It is too late for any discussion on the subject of *Lohengrin* itself. After liberal and judicious abridgment of certain unpleasing scenes, the work has made its way into public affection, and there it will remain, in right of a fascinating subject and of music that is often supremely beautiful. As regards the performance of Elsa, we have not to record a faithful reproduction of Mme Albani's original idea. For some reason or other, she chose to present the heroine in a strong dramatic light, and played the part with a wealth of action and a force of passionate expression unnoticed before. We very much question the wisdom of the change. Melodramatic vigour should be left to Ortrud, with whom Elsa is properly a contrast at all points. The two cannot be brought into rivalry without damage to one or both, and, as a matter of fact, it is hard to conceive how greatly Elsa lost in charm by departing from the gentleness and sweet simplicity rightly belonging to her. No doubt Mme Albani has a good reason for throwing stronger colour upon the part, but if she should be induced to reconsider it and return to the earlier idea she will, we think, have done a good thing. Her singing of the music, we need hardly say, had all its old merit, and was applauded as heretofore. Mr Maas's appearance as Lohengrin was also his *début* on the Italian stage at Covent Garden, where it seems so difficult for a native artist to obtain a footing. We congratulate our English tenor upon the fact that he has become an exception to the rule of exclusion. He risked much in playing Lohengrin, but would have ventured more had he not made special studies under Herr Richter, as we believe he did. With so experienced a guide there was, if not assurance, at least a probability of the success which, we are glad to say, actually came. Mr Maas had not been long on the stage before he showed a true conception of the part by preserving to Lohengrin the calmness and dignity becoming to one far removed from the plots and passions of those around him. This is, to some extent, the dramatic key-note of the character, and Mr Maas kept it sounding full and true throughout, so that always we had evidence of the Knight's mystic elevation. Yet there was no tameness and consequent want of interest. The artist knew how to be emphatic when emphasis was called for, without overstepping the bounds rightly laid down. His singing might have been made more effective at times by a little stronger contrast; but it seems hard to insist upon this in a case where a superb voice was managed with great skill, and trying music sung with invariable correctness and intelligence. The famous address to the Swan was given with much beauty; indeed, the pure, firm tones and correct phrasing might alone have satisfied every ear. Mr Maas obtained much applause, although the house felt, perhaps, more inclined to be critical in his case than in any other. Signor de Reszke was an excellent King, Mme Fursch-Madi played Ortrud with surprising adroitness and effect, and Signor Cotogni once more showed what he could do with Telramund. Otherwise the representation did not come up to the desired mark, the chorus especially singing out of tune. M. Dupont conducted in an able manner.

A performance of *Les Huguenots*, or such parts of that work as are presented at Covent Garden, does not usually call for notice; but last Friday night Meyerbeer's opera was given under interesting conditions—that is to say, with Madame Maria Durand as Valentine. The impression made by this lady in *La Gioconda* could not fail to invest her work in another part with attraction, since it created a natural desire to know whether in Madame Durand we have the long-needed "dramatic soprano." The actual performance was, on this point, encouraging evidence. Madame Durand played throughout with intelligence and propriety, while in exacting situations her strong sympathy with her work ensured an easy conquest of all difficulties. The climax, of course, came with the great duet, wherein this artist equalled the best of her recent predecessors, both as actress and singer, and made a deep impression. She was supported by Signor Mierzwinski as Raoul, Madame Repetto playing Marguerite di Valois with good vocal effect, and Madame Scalchi, who made her *rentrée* on this occasion, gaining the usual honours as Urbano. Madame Scalchi was very cordially received. In other respects the performance had no special features. Signor Bevignani conducted.—D. T.

M. LEGOUVÉ ACROSS CHOPIN.

To the "Chopin in Society," published in our last number, the weak and unreliable Recollections of Herr Friedrich von Flotow, it is desirable to append as a wholesome corrective the thoughtful and genuine utterances of a man of letters, M. Legouvé, the famous *collaborateur* of Scribe. He has regarded Chopin as a composer, a pianist, and a man, and, so to say, stereoscopes his view into a real personality, as follows:—"One evening Berlioz called upon me. He said, 'Come, and I will show you something you have never seen before, and someone you will never forget.' We mounted up to the second floor of a small private hotel, and I found myself *vis-à-vis* with a pale young man; of thoughtful, elegant aspect, speaking with a slight foreign accent; with brown eyes of an incomparable limpid softness, and fair locks almost as long as those of Berlioz himself, and, like his, falling in a sheaf upon his forehead. 'My dear Chopin, let me introduce my friend Legouvé.' It was really Chopin, who had arrived but a few days in Paris. His first look moved me; his music disturbed me as something not known.

"I cannot define Chopin better than in saying he was a *charming trinity*. Between his personality, his playing, and his compositions, there was a harmony that could be no more separated than the several features of a face. The special tone he drew from the piano resembled the look from his eyes; the slightly morbid delicacy of his features was allied to the melancholy poetry of his nocturnes; and his careful and studied dress made it easy to comprehend the quite worldly elegance of certain parts in his works; he made the impression upon me as if he claimed the parentage of Weber and a duchess, and yet that which I called his three selves, formed only one!

"His genius seldom woke up completely before one in the morning. Up to that hour he was only a charming pianist. The night come, he entered into the group of aerial spirits, of winged beings; of all that hovers about and shines in the twilight of a summer night. He must then have an audience very restricted and select. A face the least displeasing was sufficient to disconcert him. I hear him still, one day when his playing seemed to me to be a little incoherent, whisper while he indicated with a glance a lady sitting near him: 'it is that lady's feather! If the feather does not go, I shall not be able to continue!' Once, however, at the piano, he usually played until he was exhausted.

"Attacked with a malady which never relents: his eyes encircled with black, his expression animated with febrile light; his lips becoming purple with the dye of blood his breathing growing shorter, we felt that he perceived that something of his life expired with his sounds, and yet he would not cease, and we had no power to stop him; the fever which burnt him was communicated to us. However, there was one certain way to get him from the piano; it was to request the Funeral March he had composed after the disasters in Poland.

He never refused to play it; but the last bar hardly finished: he took up his hat and went away. This piece, which was like the agonizing cry of his country, was too much for him. He could, having said that, say nothing more, for the great artist was a great patriot, and the proud notes which told in his mazurkas like clarion cries, related how much there was heroic behind that pale visage, which never passed the term of youth. When Chopin died at forty, he was still adolescent. Finally, as the last feature, add a slightly bantering expression which reminded of the *gentleman*. I shall never forget his reply to me after the only public concert he ever gave. He had begged me to report it, but Liszt claimed that honour. I ran to tell the good news to Chopin, but he only said softly 'I had rather it had been you.' 'You forget, my dear friend; an article by Liszt is a piece of good fortune both for the public and for you. Confide in his admiration for your talent. I promise you he will bestow a kingdom on you.' 'Yet,' he said, smiling, 'in his empire!'"—(From "*Le Guide Musical*").

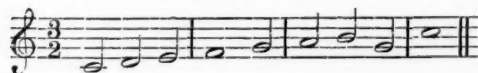
The Annual Dinner of the Choir Benevolent Fund, for the relief of widows and orphans of organists and lay clerks of cathedral and collegiate choirs, will be held in Willis's Rooms, on Thursday next, June 21st. The Right Hon. G. Cavendish Bentinck, M.P., has kindly consented to take the chair. A selection of Italian and English madrigals, to be sung by a choir of trained vocalists after the dinner, will form a special feature of the meeting.—*Morning Post*.

IS REASON OR INSTINCT THE BEST COMPOSER?

A STORY.

(Concluded from page 347.)

"Don't you think you might teach me a little more harmony, my dear Reason?" "Come along, then; that ought to be in my line. Which book will you have—Goss, Hullah, Bannister, Stainer?" "Give me Sir George's." "What! Sir George Smart's?" "No, no; our old lion: he's the man for me. Why, he says music was written before the rules for making it!" "Certainly: he bases his principles on the productions of the best masters." "Aye, and he wrote at the end of my copy—'All these rules may be broken, if you like.'" "No, no, surely—'If you can do it with good effect'—that was what he told me," said Reason. Instinct looked a little hurt. "You might own a fellow right *sometimes*! Never mind, you sit at the piano and teach me." "The first thing," said Reason, as he sat down at the key-board, "is to construct a good melody. Now, a melody is most melodious if you go principally by seconds: use other intervals for variety only, or it sounds jerky. We will construct a melody on this principle; and he played a few notes of equal length. "It will be more interesting if we give it rhythm," and he played



"So far so good." "Sounds very like something I've heard before," muttered Instinct. "Now to harmonize it in four parts. We always begin with the tonic in a short exercise; it can then be carried on thus:—"



However, here Reason began to suck the tips of his fingers. "I'm afraid I'm a bad teacher. I've put in a pair of 5's," and Reason ruefully looked at the key-board. "B to F is a 5th, and C to G is a 5th." "Play it again, and let's hear—I don't mind it," said Instinct, as Reason played it again; "it sounds all right." "Oh, I see," said Reason in a relieved tone, "the first is a diminished 5th. But this does not look quite right: this leading note at the end ought to rise." "It's as right as possible, and you're the biggest fool I ever saw: you don't want music to look right; you want it to *sound* right. Do you want to write this on a slip of paper, and have it framed and glazed on the centre of your drawing-room wall—call it a symphony in pen and ink?" "No; I see it's right, now you defend it; for the leading note is sounded in the next chord instead. Shall we take the scale downwards now?" and Reason played:—



but Instinct stopped his ears and danced about the room stamping—"Do stop that hideous row." "What's the matter? Oh, I see; 5th's and a doubled leading note." "I could have told you that was bad without your rules—go away; you're no good at all; you can't even write a harmony exercise. I'll do without you. Go and smoke your pipe by the fire and let me write my music by myself," and Instinct sat down again to his symphony. But he very soon found he wanted his friend. "Look here, old fellow, do forgive me; the fact is I can't do without you nor you without me. I'm in a difficulty again about an effect I want. It must be a partnership affair. I must fetch the ideas and lick

them into shape, and you shall find out the mistakes; only don't be conceited, there's a good fellow, for you put me out of temper.' So they shook hands and went to work together.

This was a dream I had one day after hearing Mr Stratton's able and kindly paper on "Woman in relation to Musical Art" at the Musical Association. The paper was specially directed towards composition; and he and most of the speakers endeavoured to show, and I think with reason, that woman might have a chance of success *should the right woman come in the right place*.

One only of the speakers was of a contrary opinion. He said: "I have seen numbers of compositions by women (he did not say how many by men) and it is impossible they can compose. Women cannot *reason*. They jump to conclusions by *instinct*, and cannot tell you by what steps they arrive there. Mme Schröder-Devrient did all her acting by instinct; she could never tell why she did this or that." The speaker forgot the long list that had just been read out of women who had made great mark in literature and science, painting and sculpture; he also forgot that he was *jumping to the conclusion* that women cannot reason. The frightened child at night puts his head under the bed-clothes and thinks he is safe because he cannot hear the noise. This is all very well when the child is frightened at nothing; but if there is a real burglar or a fire the bed-clothes will not save him.

I have heard Mme Schröder-Devrient was a great actress. Possibly, if she had reasoned out everything, she would only have been a talented one. But there are two kinds of reasoning, one by *deduction*, the other by *induction*. In the former you reckon up step by step and thus arrive at a conclusion. This is the German way. In the other, reasoning by induction, you presuppose a conclusion—jump to it—and then prove it step by step. This is the French way, and I believe there have been brilliant thinkers in France. In England we admit both ways. The latter kind, reasoning by induction, is, I believe, more natural to women. They, as the speaker said, jump to a conclusion. "By the pricking of their thumbs" they know such a man is good or bad—such an argument is true, or has a fallacy; but, like Instinct in the above story, they do not often take the trouble to prove in argument what they already know. "We know it," they say, "why should we argue any more." But they can if they try.

O. P.

GIVE US A SONG, THE SOLDIER CRIED.

A CRIMEAN SONG.

Give us a song, the soldier cried, The outer trenches guarding, When the heated guns of the camp allied Grew weary of bombarding; The dark Redan in silent scoff Lay grim and threat'ning under, And the tawny mound of the Malakoff No longer belch'd its thunder.	They sang of love and not of fame, Forgot was Britain's glory; Each heart recall'd a different name, But all sang "Annie Laurie." Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem rich and strong, Then battle—and confession.
Give us a song, the guardsmen say, We storm the forts to-morrow, Sing while we may, another day Will bring enough of sorrow. They lay along the battery side, Below the smoking cannon, Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde, And from the Banks of Shannon.	Beyond the darkening ocean burn'd The scorching sunset embers, And the Crimean valleys learn'd How England's sons remembers. And once again the fires of hell Bound o'er the Russian quarters, With scream of shot and burst of shell, And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory,
And English Mary mourned for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."
Ah, soldiers to your honour'd rest,
Your love and glory bearing,
The bravest and the tenderest,
The loving and the daring.

* Copyright.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—M. de Pachmann will kindly play a selection of compositions for the pianoforte by Chopin, Henselt, and other favourite masters, before the students of the institution, to-day (Saturday), at three o'clock.

SIMS REEVES.

By LADY POLLOCK.*

(Concluded from page 252.)

In October last, in a joint concert with M^{me} Christine Nilsson, Sims Reeves gave examples, which were fully appreciated, of his various styles, opening with *Jephtha's Daughter*, where his recitative is a fine study from its first words, "Deeper and deeper still," kept smooth and low to the swelling sound of "Have I not vowed?" carried on through "Heaven heard my thoughts," and rising in intensity and taking the hearers by storm with the "Thousand pangs that lash to madness." In the beautiful air that follows this declamation, "Waft her, angels," all the poetry and delicate execution of this master of song make themselves felt, and he so penetrates the soul that tears fall as a relief after a great pressure.

In the duet of "Da quel di" from *Linda di Chamouni*, with M^{me} Christine Nilsson, Sims Reeves showed the charm of his Italian style, and could freely indulge in those graces of ornamentation so easy to him that it may be counted as one of his highest qualities that he knows when to suppress them.

The "Death of Nelson" was on this occasion accepted as the crowning feat of the tenor, being prized for its opportunities of dramatic expression, for as a musical composition it has little value. It was given by the singer with the force of declamation, the fervour of soul with which he knows so well how to rouse and stir his hearers. It would seem that each man felt himself one of Nelson's crew, shared his victory, and deplored his death. A cry, a shout, burst from the very heart of the audience, nor was the brilliant singer who shared with him this evening's triumph less moved than that throng of ten thousand whose enthusiasm grew with its own expression and rapid passage from one to the other. But if Sims Reeves can exercise this power over a great assemblage in a battle song, he can create a deeper emotion in a cultured listener by his rendering of a fine pathetic ballad; take for instance "The Macgregors' Gathering" with its strength and despair; the inspiration of the poet fills him here, and Tragedy at its highest can hardly transport the mind to a deeper sadness than the singer does while he tells the thirst for vengeance and the loss of hope. As for gentler themes, who does not know that Bishop's song of "My pretty Jane" becomes a poem by its utterance, and that his "Kathleen Mavourneen" is the most melodious of all lover's complaints; here beginning quietly, his voice swells gradually into fuller sound till you feel the day breaking from on high; and while you listen to its solicitation and its loving reproach, you know that vocalised music can reach the heart with a power deeper than that of spoken words. There is a whole legion of ballads and romances and of greater works, such as Beethoven's *Lieder Kreis*, for the performance of which Sims Reeves is renowned, but an enumeration or even an indication of them is an impossibility in these pages, for there is yet other matter to discuss. The apparently uninterrupted prosperity of the singer here described may have surprised the reader, for do we not know that the gods are chary of their gifts? And is not the magic lore which shows us the good and wicked fairy ever contending at the baptism of genius, a true representation of human life? Have we not marked a thousand times how it happens that just as the cup full of blessings is bestowed upon the favourite infant by a fair enchantress, there rolls up to the gate a fatal perfidious car, and out comes a withered witch who flings into this cup of benedictions the one sour grain which is just enough to mar them?

Such a grain there has been to trouble the career of Sims Reeves; and while the one fairy endowed him with the finest of vocal chords and with heart and brain to direct them, the other pronounced this sharp malediction: "He shall have an irritable mucous membrane." It was at the age of thirty that the vocalist first began to feel the effects of this bitter sentence. The attack comes on suddenly. You may get up quite well, and at noonday you may feel a strange irritation in the larynx, the bronchial passage is inflamed, and the beauty of the voice is veiled. What a trial for a singer with a splendid engagement before him: either he must sing with damaged tones or he must disappoint his public and forfeit his fee. Beyond all other things Sims Reeves esteemed his art, and he held it his duty to the public and to himself to sing only when he could sing his best; he therefore forfeited his engagements whenever the throat was affected. The public is more alive to its own feelings than to those of its favourites, and under the sting of disappointment treats them too often as the Chinese do their idols, ready for every defeated hope to fall upon them, to batter and belabour and drag them through the mire. In civilized countries the mire they are dragged through is calumny. Resentment in many cases, when apologies were made for the popular tenor, rose to the point of tumult; concerts were interrupted, or riots took place in theatres. On one occasion at Newcastle, one of his family who was present was

* From Temple Bar.

requested by the police to get away under their protection and in disguise. Scenes of this description would not brace the nerves of a sensitive singer, but rather bring on a recurrence of indisposition by the anxious apprehension of it. His personal pecuniary losses due to this misfortune have amounted to the sum of seventy thousand pounds, extending from the year 1852 to 1882. This is no light trouble, though consolation may be found in the reflection that Sims Reeves, by care and the strict regimen of a great artist, has conquered Time, and sings now when at his best with tones perfect as those which captivated his audiences thirty years ago, and with the augmented science acquired by the employment of those thirty years in unremitting thought and labour.

It is to be lamented that the temporary success which Sims Reeves obtained in his effort to bring down the concert pitch of England from its abnormal sharpness to the Continental pitch, which is half a tone lower, has not endured. Most of the distinguished vocalists of the day joined issue with him, as also many instrumentalists, and for a time they conquered; but now again shrillness reigns, and again Herr Joachim finds himself obliged to bring to London a special violin with thinner strings than he plays upon in Germany. America has adopted the Continental pitch, and how strange it is that our country should insist upon this opposition to the rest of Europe, and to the great composers whom we reverence—Handel, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Haydn, &c. Mendelssohn held that the transposition of the music of oratorios was especially injurious; and it is evidently an affront to any composer to alter the key in which he wrote. Yet after a period of reform we have returned to this evil practice, screwing up our grand old masters, straining the voices of our singers, and making the wind instruments too often instruments of torture. Two excellent letters addressed by Sims Reeves to the *Athenaeum* in November 1868 may be referred to by anyone interested in the vexed question of musical pitch.

We cannot more fitly close these observations than by a passage from the life of Handel by his eloquent French biographer, Mons. Schœlcher, where, in the description of a Handel Festival, he uses these memorable words:—

"One" (Mr Sims Reeves) "has written his name beneath that of Handel in the golden book of musical renown, to be read a hundred years hence when new singers arise and new celebrations are projected."

DEATH OF MRS MACKEY, OF DUBLIN.

There are few in this country who will read the above announcement without a feeling of deep regret at the loss of one of the most distinguished ornaments of the musical profession whom Ireland has produced. As an eminent harpist, Mrs Mackey not only won high renown amongst ourselves, but was also often invited to take a leading part at London concerts, and just before her lamented death she was preparing to cross the Atlantic to perform at the Boston Exhibition. Our fellow citizens will, we are confident, join with us in sympathy with Professor Glover, father of the lady whose beautiful performances on Ireland's harp so often evoked amongst us a thrill of national delight. Mrs Mackey's last public performance in Dublin was at the concert in behalf of Steeven's Hospital.—From a Correspondent.

FOLIES DRAMATIQUES.—Transferred to the new theatre in Great Queen Street, the slight comic opera called *Estrella*, composed by Mr Luscombe Searelle, and furnished with a lively libretto by Mr W. Parke, receives considerate treatment, and in return promises to be of service to a management not fortunate hitherto in its experiences. If there is little novelty in the text, and nothing absolutely new in the score, the incidents afford a sufficiency of amusement, and the music falls agreeably on the ear. The mock trial before a comic Doge of Venice, represented by Mr Philip Day with a keen appreciation of humour, brings the opera to a mirthful close, and sends the audience away in the merriest mood. The company engaged is well suited to the dramatic and vocal requirements of the occasion, and Miss Constance Loseby as the heroine Estrella, Miss Camille Dubois as the vivacious Brigetta, and Miss Sallie Turner as the domineering mother-in-law Tartarella, are advantageously prominent in the cast. The robust singing and vigorous acting of Mr Aynsley Cook as the disguised Count Pomposo di Vestavio, the songs so effectively rendered by the tenor, Mr W. S. Rising, as the representative of Lorenzo, the favoured lover, and the assistance afforded by Mr G. Temple and Mr. F. Desmond, as a foolish vine-dresser and a fussy Majordomo, help to give an assurance of vitality to a pleasant entertainment liberally provided with all that is essential in the way of decorative accessories.—D. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T. J.—It depends upon what may be the piece performed. If the score has wind as well as stringed instruments, the pianoforte would naturally be used to fill up the wind parts. If the score consists exclusively of strings, it is wholly superfluous—neither “advisable nor correct.”

MARRIAGES.

On June the 7th, at St Peter's Church, Redcar, Yorks, by the Rev. W. Milburne, HENRY GREY, second son of FRAS. SANDERSON, Esq., J.P., to ANNIE, second daughter of J. P. JEWSON, Esq., of Coatham and Stockton-on-Tees.

On Wednesday, June 13, at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, by the Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain of the Savoy, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, J. WILFORD MORGAN, Esq., to KATE, daughter of CHARLES MORTON, Esq., of Guilford Street, Russell Square.

DEATHS.

On June 6, at 115, Mains Street, Blythwood Square, Glasgow, THOMAS LOGAN STILLIE, Esq., in his 51st year.

On June 7, at 1, Thayer Street, Manchester Square, W., CHARLES LÜDERS, Esq., Professor of Music. Friends will kindly accept this (the only) intimation.

On June 13, at Stonebridge Park, Willesden, EDITH, fourth daughter of EDWIN ASHDOWN, Esq., in her 20th year.

MR CHARLES DAVISON begs to announce that he has resumed his Pianoforte Teaching. All communications to be addressed care of Messrs Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NOTICE.

Several notices of Concerts, &c., are unavoidably postponed till next week.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

JOSEPH JOACHIM AT BADEN-BADEN.

(To the Editor of the “Musical World.”)

SIR,—A paragraph is going the round of the newspapers published in this district to the effect that Professor Joachim recently came to visit some friends here; but that, although the authorities spared no pains to induce him to play in public, he refused to do so, and eventually performed privately in presence of a very few friends; the authorities “most liberally and graciously” giving the assistance of their orchestra and the use of their room.

What really happened was this: Professor Joachim agreed, at the suggestion of an English friend, to give a public concert at Baden-Baden. The Englishman had been assured by members of the Baden orchestra (which is permanently engaged, and wholly under the control of the town authorities) that they were all ready and eager to play for him, irrespective of remuneration; they knew him by reputation only, as he had never played here. But when application was made to the “Cur-Comité” they declined to allow the orchestra to play. They never, they declared, allowed any artist not engaged by themselves to have their orchestra. Joachim could form no exception. They had not invited him; he might play for a Baden charity if he liked, but not otherwise. The resident musicians were so disappointed at this decision, that the Englishman ventured to ask whether Joachim would come and play to the orchestra alone, in a private room, at such an hour as would not interfere with their daily duties. Those who know him will not be surprised at his ready and genial consent. He answered: “I will play Mendelssohn's Concerto for his daughter” (who is here). On hearing this a fresh edict was issued by the “Cur-Comité”: the orchestra were forbidden to play even in private for Joachim. Meanwhile the matter was noised abroad, and discontent was so freely expressed that the authorities began to feel uneasy. They sent off a

messenger to Joachim (who was playing at Fribourg, three hours distant by rail), and offered to engage him for a public concert. Joachim, who had been informed of all that had passed, declined. So, as a last resource, the “Cur-Comité” offered the use of their room and orchestra for a private concert, “before a limited audience.” This was accepted. Joachim played Mendelssohn's Concerto, the *adagio* from Spohr's Ninth Concerto, and Bach's Chaconne, telling the members of the orchestra before he began, in his own kindly way, that he had come especially to have the pleasure of “making a little music” with them, and also to do honour to Mme Beneke, Mendelssohn's daughter. His performance was truly magnificent. A little boy, Arthur Crasselt, son of the leader of the orchestra, played a concerto of De Beriot's so well that if, as we hope, he is placed under Professor Joachim's guidance, his name may be better known in after years.

A gentleman possessed of great talent for manipulating history describes all this “most liberal and gracious” treatment. To myself it affords a curious commentary on that superiority of musical appreciation and courtesy towards eminent artists which foreigners, and especially Germans, are wont to claim for themselves, as compared with the brutal Briton, who thinks his gold absolves him from all need of courtesy (?).

I venture to assert that no provincial town in England would behave in the manner I have described to one whom we have long placed in the front rank of living artists, and whose personal qualities command respect in as great a degree as his artistic gifts and acquirements command admiration.—I am, Sir, obediently yours,

W. S. B.

Baden-Baden, June 3.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.*

(Concluded from page 352.)

Walther's songs and the G flat major Quintet contrast as sharply with the artificial, hoary, speaking-song of the *Nibelungen* as do the healthy folk-like figures in the *Meistersinger* with the bloodless gods, giants, and dwarfs of the Tetralogy. Yet the *Meistersinger* was composed several years after *Tristan* and *Das Rheingold*. From the character of the poetry, as well as of the music, we should have been inclined to suppose the contrary. Such a chronological order would remain half a riddle to us, did we not know that the idea of the *Meistersinger* struck Wagner as long since as in the forties, immediately after *Tannhäuser*. His object was to write a “satirical” piece in connection with *Tannhäuser*; to furnish the knightly Minnesingers in the Wartburg with a joyous pendant in the mechanically-poetizing and singing Mastersingers of Nuremberg. When once Wagner enthusiastically conceived an operatic subject, the outlines of the most important scenes presented themselves immediately to his mind, and, as he himself informs us, the music was wont to spring up simultaneously with the words. It is true that the task of working out the *Meistersinger* was put off to the beginning of the sixties, but the first germs of its youthfully-fresh melodies sprang into existence, probably, in the early part of the happy time at Dresden, perhaps during the holiday visit to Teplitz, a visit which Wagner has mentioned so often, and with such pleasure. This is only a conjecture, but it possesses for us the greatest subjective probability. That subsequently, when the *Meistersinger* was first given to the world, Wagner treated very slightly everything purely melodic and formally beautiful, and that—as we are told—Mme Cosima had to go on her knees to save the celebrated G flat major Quintet, are arguments in favour of our conjecture as to the early birth of the melodies in question. We can scarcely conceive them as being written after *Das Rheingold*. We saw Wagner make, after *Lohengrin*, the most astounding progress as a musician; but his power of melodic invention did not increase in the same degree as his art. Then, with *Tristan*, there took place the remarkable change in his views as to the right style for opera—as to the relative position of music and poetry, song and declamation.

* From the Vienna *Neue freie Presse*.

To throw light upon the separate phases of this change, to investigate the gradual development of the æsthetic revolution in Wagner, will be an interesting task for a serious biographer, that is, of one who will make it his aim to explain and not idolize Wagner. For such a biographer we shall probably have to wait a long time. Till he appears, every important contribution towards a thorough knowledge of Wagner's life and works should be welcome. Should productions like *Richard Wagner in Venice*, by Henry Perl, be so? This latest pamphlet begins thus:—"The last act of Wagner's great existence could hardly have found a more worthy stage than that offered him by the Queen of the Adriatic, the Conqueror of Constantinople, the Bulwark of Christendom against the Ottoman. The Lagoons, whence re-echo the glorious names of Dandolo, Marco Polo, Galileo, Cabot, and Fra Mauro, were exactly the surroundings fitted for the failing eye of the genius of his age!" When the reader has got happily through this pompous bit of writing, he comes to some most important facts: when and where Wagner was accustomed to go and enjoy his confectionery (as well as, in cold weather, a small glass of cognac), at what o'clock he ordered his gondola, when he dined and supped, at what restaurants he frequently had "Emmenthaler" (Gruyère cheese), and for what reason Herr Henry Perl does not attach much faith to this caseous legend. We certainly should regard as more valuable researches into the transformation of Wagner's musical style and the phases of this psychological process in him. In connection herewith, I would direct attention to two little-noticed but remarkable utterances of Wagner's in days gone by. One of them is contained in his "Autobiographical Sketches" in the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* (No. 5, 1843), edited by Laube. Speaking of his first opera, *Die Feen*, Wagner says that there was a good deal of successful work in the concerted music, and that the finale of the second act more especially gave promise of proving highly effective. "The separate vocal numbers," he goes on to say, in his self-criticism, "wanted the independent free melody, in which alone the singer can be effective, while by petty declamation, full of details, he is deprived by the composer of all effectiveness. This is the fault of most Germans who write operas." The above is exceedingly characteristic, but it is even more characteristic than it otherwise would be from the fact that in his *Collected Writings* (1871) Wagner cut it out. It is wanting in Vol. I., p. 13, of that Collection. Thus, here we have the remarkable fact that in 1843, that is at a period when he had already written *Der fliegende Holländer* and the greater part of *Tannhäuser*, he entertained the conviction that it was a fault, instead of independent, free melody, in which alone the singer can be effective, to allow petty declamation, full of details, to be supreme in vocal music. At the same time he confesses that most German composers, himself included, "labour under this fault." He evidently soon found that this "fault," which had grown up in close connection with his individuality, was incurable; but, on the other hand, he discovered utterly different and peculiar qualities in his talent, or combination of talent, which could compensate for the absence of melodic charm, so difficult to be attained by him, and, moreover, these qualities struck him as more valuable and more important for dramatic effect. He formed, therefore, the "fault" into a system, and out of an avowed deficiency made an æsthetic precept. We almost see the system of the Wagnerian Music-Drama spring into existence before our eyes and spread out between the two boundary stones: the praise of "independent, free melody," and the subsequent silent suppression of that praise.

Wagner's Autobiography contains another interesting passage which becomes particularly significant by the light cast upon it by something he said subsequently. He is speaking of the time when he began in Paris, 1841, the composition of *Der fliegende Holländer*. He took lodgings for the summer at Meudon, and, after a complete cessation for three quarters of a year from musical production, hired a piano. "After it arrived," he tells us, "I walked about in mental agony; I dreaded I should discover I was no longer a musician. I began with the Sailors' Chorus and the Spinning Song; they flowed readily and freely from my pen and loudly and joyfully did I exult on discovering within myself that I was still a musician." The happy feeling which finds vent in this utterance of the genuine artist forms as sharp a contrast as can possibly be conceived to Wagner's later and well nigh con-

temptuous remark with regard to *Paraisal*: "I am not a musician." The idolaters of Bayreuth naturally admire the last assertion; we are more pleased with the first, which exhibits Wagner in his most amiable phase, as a man and as an artist. At any rate, these two avowals: the delight at being a musician and the self-sufficient satisfaction at not being one, mark two widely distant extreme points, between which there took place a phenomenal development that will long afford us matter for thought.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

A Relapse.



MR. SIDEY HAM (prostrate, and muttering unintelligibly).—Send for doctor—quick!

Enter Dr Grief.

DR GRIEF.—What's the matter now?

MR. SIDEY HAM.—I've been to Philharmonic!

DR GRIEF.—Well, that couldn't hurt you. What did you hear?

MR. SIDEY HAM.—Heard Liszt—Christus!

DR GRIEF.—Serve you right. I have warned you over and over about these things. After *Faust* and the *Mephisto-Walker*, I told you the likely consequences. You are an idiot, and don't deserve that I should put you right. Let me feel your pulse.

MR. SIDEY HAM.—Oh! oh!

DR GRIEF.—Oh! oh! indeed—one hundred and seventy-five!

MR. SIDEY HAM.—Ah!—set me right, and I won't go again.

DR GRIEF.—Swallow this (administering draught).

MR. SIDEY HAM (having swallowed draught).—Oh! Doctor! (sleeps incontinent).

DR GRIEF.—Well, he's fast bound now. If he awakes, of which I am uncertain, he won't attend any more of these performances, nor be bamboozled any more by the "advanced" folk. If he don't awake, it is all one for me. I am one of his trustees, and down in his will. At the same time, I'd rather he recovered. Though demented, he is not so bad a fellow, and I may have more jobs after these concerts, "cycluses," &c.

[Exit Dr Grief stealthily.]

CONCERTS.

M. DE PACHMANN'S RECITALS.—The third and last of these enjoyable performances was given in St James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, and attracted the usual crowd of admiring amateurs. Once again the Russian artist made obvious a desire to be known as something more than an exponent of Chopin, the works of that composer forming only a small part of his programme. We cannot, of course, complain. M. de Pachmann naturally rebels against any limitation of his powers, and, it may be, does not recognize quite as clearly as others the signs and tokens of fitness for a particular class of music. A fact, however, is a stubborn thing. You may close your eyes to it, but it exists all the same, and in this case the very course taken by M. de Pachmann in order to show his universality went to prove that he is a specialist. We shall not condole with him on this account. A man who plays the music of Chopin and his school like M. de Pachmann is distinguished enough for all but immoderate ambition, and has very good reason for content. The programme of Saturday opened with a selection from Bach arranged by Tausig, which we notice only to repudiate. What did Tausig, who was a very good pianist, want with Bach, who was a very great composer? Bach-Tausig, Schubert-Liszt, Handel-Helmberger, &c.—how these ghouls are multiplying and fastening on the bodies of dead composers! Beethoven followed the Bach-Tausig with the Sonata Opus 101, and after him came Schumann with the fourth Novelette. In neither, however, did M. de Pachmann make a special effect. He played both well, showing entire familiarity with his theme, and proving his ability to regard it from an individual point of view. Nevertheless, the audience seemed to listen as though to a prelude. The curtain went up with Rubinstein's Variations, Op. 104—a work said to have been performed on this occasion for the first time in England. Quite characteristic of the composer, and full of exuberant fancy, though based upon a simple theme, these variations were welcome, and had the advantage of a faultless rendering. Thenceforward M. de Pachmann went from success to success. He played Hensel's "Danklied nach Sturm" with delightful delicacy, showing himself a perfect master of the finest grades of touch. In Saint-Saëns' "Etude en forme de valse," he held his audience as by a spell, yet without the smallest sign of trickery; while the concluding selections from Chopin excited an enthusiasm more than justified by a performance of phenomenal excellence. The examples from the Polish composer were Nocturne, Op. 27; Mazurka, Op. 33; Valse, Op. 64; five Studies, and Polonaise No. 8—most of them well known, and, therefore, all the more enjoyed. We make no mention of the encores—enough that a delighted audience seemed loth to part from their entertainer, and got as much out of him as they decently could. M. de Pachmann has clearly won the hearts of London amateurs.—D. T.

MISS ELLIS WALTON, the accomplished soprano, gave a highly successful concert at the Cavendish Rooms on the 30th ult., which attracted a numerous and fashionable audience. She was assisted by Misses Emilie Lloyd, Jeanie Rosse, Clara Myers, Henden-Warde, Mdmé Osborne Williams, Messrs John Cross, Dyved Lewis, John F. Probert, and Frank Quatremayne, as vocalists; Mdlle Bertha Brousal, as violinist; Mr and Mrs Sewell Southgate, and Master J. Gridley, as pianists. Mr A. L. Davies played the flute *obligato* part to one of Mr Cross's solos, and Messrs Southgate and Osborne Williams shared the duties of accompanist. The programme, containing no less than thirty numbers, thanks to the excellence of the compositions and the skill of the artists, was listened to with unabated interest from beginning to end. In the course of the evening Miss Stringfield "recited" a well-known piece, obtaining general approbation.

MR JOHN C. WARD gave a "Concertina Concert" on June the 5th, at the Steinway Hall, assisted by Mdmé Trebelli, Misses C. and E. Ward, and May Moon; Mr Herbert Reeves and Signor Tito Mattei. Mdmé Trebelli was as usual warmly received, and was called upon to repeat Comédienne Schira's "La bella mea," and Miss May Moon (a young *débutante*) was enthusiastically applauded after Venzano's valse "Ah! che assorta," giving in response Wekerlin's "Le Bal."

MR AND MRS HENSCHEL'S VOCAL RECITALS.—Some two or three years ago Herr Georg Henschel gave a song "recital" which, while proving his artistic capacity, went to show that he had over-estimated his powers as an entertainer. Since then he has taken to himself a wife, in the person of Miss Lilian Bailey. A wife, we are sometimes told, halves a man's sorrows and doubles his joys. This may be or it may not; certain it is, however, that, as a reciter, Herr Henschel obtains, through matrimony, the musical equivalent of the double advantage in question. His concert, given on Wednesday afternoon, in Prince's Hall, with the assistance of Mrs. Henschel, was not only artistic and instructive, but pleasing. There was no drear monotony.

The highly-contrasted voices relieved each other, and, as the programme was choice, the singing excellent, and the accompaniments were finely played by the concert-giver, all present had reason to be satisfied. Much ground, with many orders of talent, was covered by a selection ranging from the close of the sixteenth century and the composer Gagliano, down to our own day and Herr Henschel himself. In some respects, therefore, the recital was an educational one, the intelligent listener being able to note many variations in the song form from the time which witnessed the birth of modern music. Besides Gagliano, Bach and Handel were represented, the one by his "Vergissmeinnicht," the other by an air from *Rinaldo*, in the same group with these masters being Isouard, with a cavatina from *Cendrillon*, and Cimarosa, with a buffo air from *Don Calandrino*. The works named were all sung by Herr Henschel in his now well-known style, as was, later on, Löwe's setting of the ballad of "Archibald Douglas." Mrs Henschel contributed no fewer than six songs, besides taking part in four duets, and very charmingly she acquitted herself of an arduous task. Amongst her selections were Beethoven's "Know'st thou the land?" Mendelssohn's "Rheinisches Volkslied," the beautiful cavatina from Gounod's *Cinq Mars*, and a Berceuse founded by Bizet on an old air. To all these the intelligent and sympathetic artist did full justice. Among the duets was a setting, by Herr Henschel, of "Oh! that we two were Maying," noteworthy, in the first place, for somewhat superficial expression, and, in the second, for clever (canonical) construction. Mr and Mrs Henschel will give another recital this day, Saturday.—D. T.

PROVINCIAL.

ROWBARTON.—A concert, consisting of a miscellaneous selection of vocal and instrumental music, under the conductorship of Mr T. J. Dudeney, was given at the schoolroom at St Andrew's, on Thursday evening, June 7, in aid of the organ fund. The performance commenced at eight o'clock to a room well filled with a highly appreciative audience. The programme was a long one, but, thanks to the arrangement that no piece should be repeated, was brought to a close at an early hour. The works given were principally those by English composers, viz: Sir Sterndale Bennett, Sir George A. Macfarren, Sir H. R. Bishop, Messrs Walter Macfarren, J. L. Hatton, S. S. Wesley, S. J. Lover, T. J. Dudeney, and J. W. Davison, the foreign authors being represented by Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Weber. At the conclusion of the programme the Rev. St John Gresley proposed a vote of thanks to all who had taken a part in the concert, and especially to Mr Dudeney, who had exercised so much trouble and succeeded so well in making the concert a success. The room was prettily decorated with choice flowers and plants, lent by Mr Godding.

THE SONG AND THE SINGER.*

A summer night, on a moonlit river
So softly down the stream did float
Two who loved—he, idly rowing;
A fairy phantom seemed the boat.

She sang a song in sweetest cadence,
Night breezes echoed back the tone
(He gazed, and in his heart for
ever,
The singer and the song were one).

"I would that hearts could never sever,
That life were like this moonlit
tide,
And on its placid breast for ever
Freighted with love our bark could
glide.

The star of hope should ever guide
us,
Winds whisper soft an evensong,
We'd live, dear, in a world enchanted,
E'er free from sorrow, change, or
wrong."

* Copyright.

Soft he whisper'd, Oh! my darling,
Radiant dreams, but not for me;
For men like in life's turmoil better
The rapid strong! the open sea.

To wrestle, strive, perchance, to win,
dear,
Of purpose high, the guerdon meet,
And from your hand ask the award,
dear,

That victor and that victory greet.
Then through "man's sterner life,"
my darling,
Your love like this calm stream
shall flow,

Attuning all its wilder passions
With its cadence, sweet and low.
Nor shall churlish time e'er sever
Our souls; but still each ebb and
tide
Shall find that in my heart for ever
The song and singer both abide.

CARLEON.

SIGNOR BEVIGNANI has had the honour of being made, by the Emperor of Russia, a Knight of the Order of St. Stanislas.

The silver medal of the Society of Arts has been awarded by the Council to Mr A. J. Hipkins for his lecture on the History of the Pianoforte, read on the 7th of March.

A HISTORY OF OUR MILITARY BANDS.

(Concluded from page 357.)

An authentic story is told of an eminent pianist, Mr Scharfenberg. He was passing a place where the band was in rehearsal. It was in a basement. He listened for a moment, then entered; and he carried to Europe with him the story that he had heard in America the most perfect performance by a military band that had ever fallen on his ears—and he was a true musician. We have rarely heard better music since.

The German brass bands came in vogue about the year 1840; and if I remember rightly, George Schneider was the principal leader. The cornet bands were augmented by the addition of flutes, clarionets, E flats and B flats, according to the number required and as the occasion demanded.

Very few Germans were in the musical profession prior to 1840, the principal nationalities represented being those of England, France, and Italy. Among the Italians whom I recall was a trombone player, named Cioffi,* a remarkable performer, who excelled anyone I have heard in these later days. John Norton, an Englishman, was also a celebrated "trumpeter" at that period. One of the notable events of the time in music circles was the contest between Gambatti, the Italian trumpet player, and Norton. While it was a money-making affair (they played three nights at Niblo's Garden to immense houses), the honours were carried away by the Italian; yet the prize was awarded to Norton. Gambatti on the third night played on a cornet which he called a trumpet, and which was a revelation to the audience. The excitement was almost unparalleled. The interest in popular music then began to assert itself in earnest.

To write an original article on band-organizing does not seem a difficult effort, to judge by the articles that have appeared of late. The preparation required would be: Procure any one of the English-French journals; look at the instruments for which the music is arranged. At a glance you have your material, and as an oracle can announce the best combination. The best combination it may be for playing that and such-like music publications; but as for being the best combination musically considered, that may be questioned. We ought to know, first, if convenience and prejudice had not as much to do with the selection of instruments as sound judgment. There is a large number of young Britons scattered over the country (they were shot at us, as it is supposed, by the British War Department) who not only perform well, as a general thing, themselves on brass instruments, but have a keen appreciation of the brazen performance of others. When an original article written as above meets their eyes, they recognize at once what they have been used to; and, perhaps, while they chaff the originality, assert the correctness of the text, and double-tongue down opposition. Yes, the boasted American independence of thought is—nowhere, and our bands must be organized on English-French principles—playing double-tongue polkas—or not at all. The choral effect of the cornet band must give ground to the brilliant dash, so esteemed, of the double-tongue on cornet-à-piston and trombone. Our former organization, we are told, is barbarous! behind the age!

Behind the age? Well! I am rather inclined to believe we were too much in advance of some of the age, and that the Goths and Vandals are playing again the receding-wave march. Be that as it may, I have been asked to present some new ideas in relation to the forming of wind bands—brass, military, small and large. In an orchestral score, tone-colour is seen to have been in the author's mind. Tone-colour is represented on the great organ by stops, or registers of peculiarly toned pipes. But there is the diapason upon which these all rest. The diapason is built first, and as the organ grows the stops are added. The diapason may stand alone, and make most beautiful music, depending alone on the expression.

You have listened to part-singing, no doubt. Is it not a musical treat to listen to those finely balanced voices, under such excellent drill and management? How they search the inward musical sense, and thrill us as no doubled-tongued or other musical charlatany ever can do! This is music. We are pleased, delighted. We must treat those singers. "Lager" for several! More singing! More "lager"! More singing! More "lager"! But as we imbibe more lager, we are not so thrilled by the chorals. Oh! give us something spirited, more inspiring—something effective! Is there such a thing as inebriation in music?

Our American cornet bands were formed on the well-known principle of voice music. We had the soprani represented by E flats, the alti by B flat, the tenori by E flat and B flat tenors, and the representatives of the baritone, bass, and basso profundo. The facility for execution was such that music formerly performed with

comparative ease is too difficult now. At least such is the fact in the larger cities. New York cannot, at the present day, show a brass band equal to many bands that formerly existed in small towns. Our cornet bands had a hard struggle of it from the first. They were not such instruments as the musical dilettanti would recognize, for they are nowhere to be found in the scores of Bach, Bunby, or Timotheus. To be sure, cornets associated with timbrels are mentioned in the Bible. But that is not classical. Besides, though the cornets mentioned were severely confined to the performance of two or three notes—a high recommendation to the "critical mind"—their origin is much in doubt. We know not which they sprang from, the ram's or ox's horns.

I remember somewhere hearing or reading, I can't call to mind which, a fable running somehow in this way: A goddess named Genius gave birth to a daughter named Art. Genius nursed Art with great care till she grew quite strong. When strong, Art turned round and nursed Genius—that is, she put her mother in fetters, without which she never allowed her mamma to gad round. I don't know what this has to do with cornet bands; but it came into my head, and I had to scratch it down to get it out.

We used to think that a band of ten ought to consist of three E flat sopranos, two B flat altos, two E flat tenors, one baritone, one bass, and a second bass. For the eleventh and twelfth we added two B flat tenors, which were instruments possessing character of tone approaching the trombone, though with a little less of the characteristic snarl so pleasing to many ears. I see only one objection to this arrangement—that is, the unwillingness in these society times on the part of cornet players to do the work. Well, then, let us come Germany over the difficulty, and get a clarinet to speak—I mean play the high notes. In the organization of large military bands we have much to do and more to learn. But let us bear in mind the fundamental principle of the grand orchestra—and the organ. To start with, we want a diapason. A small matter, perhaps, to some; but I think we ought to have it. The orchestra has it in the mass of strings, and we can have it if we try; and then where the orchestral band cannot possibly be effective, we will produce an imitator of that orchestra, and possibly excel it in effect. We have all the stops; shall we not have our diapason? Is modern invention doing nothing? Can we not extend the reed? Where are the tenor and bass clarionets, the saxophones, the sarsaphones, the—but I must stop. I cannot proceed. A vision of one of the grandest effects ever known is before me. Let me enjoy the dream.

COLOGNE CHORAL UNION.

More than a quarter of a century has gone by since last this famous body of male voices came amongst us, but amateurs who are old enough to recollect, as though the experience were of yesterday, what a sensation the Cologne Choral Union made, and how its work was held up as an example for our own people. In one respect the repeated visits of the Rhenish singers during the "fifties" proved almost barren of result. They did not lead to the establishment of similar associations in this country. It is true that the Polyhymnian Choir came into existence under the fostering care, if we mistake not, of Mr Rea, now of Newcastle. But after giving a few concerts, which were highly praised and poorly supported, that Society closed a brief if far from inglorious career, and during all the intervening time we have not had a single public association of male voices in London. The reason is plain. English social custom puts no obstacle in the way of the coming together of men and women for the practice of choral music. It is always in our power, therefore, to have choirs of mixed voices, and these we naturally prefer for the sake of their larger musical effect. Our French and German neighbours being in a different position, are limited in great part to societies composed of men only. Upon this, however, we shall not condole with the Germans of the Rhine, since it would be hard to conceive anything better than the music they make.

The Cologne Choral Union is now amongst us once more, to the number of ninety-two, with Herr de Lange, the successor of Herr Franz Weber, as conductor, the purpose being to give a series of performances at St James's Hall on behalf of the Anglican Church in the city of our British saint, Ursula. With this object very many will actively sympathize, but nothing beyond their musical attraction is really needed to make the concerts an acceptable and important feature of the present season. It is true that on Monday afternoon, when the first programme was gone through, the hall was not full. On the other hand, no one expected a crowd. The present generation of concert-goers knows little or nothing about our visitors, whose merits, however, will be quickly discerned and rewarded. Most of the pieces sung were unfamiliar to the audience, for reasons already set forth, the best known, perhaps, being Mendelssohn's beautiful "Wasserfahrt." As for the works chosen from

* Well known at one time to London audiences.

Kreutzer, Max Bruch, Silcher, Carl Wilhelm, and others, they fell upon unaccustomed ears, while, sooth to say, some of them were not particularly striking, however aptly they represented the German part song. From this number we must exempt Schubert's "Der Gondelfahrer," a delightful specimen of an always charming master, and Koschat's "Kärntnermüäth," a quaint setting of a love poem in the Corinthian dialect. Both pieces were encored, in compliment, we believe, as much to their intrinsic merit as to the manner of their rendering. No doubt the Choral Union has many such works in its repertory, and on subsequent occasions will give the concerts the advantage which their musical interest is adapted to confer. More important, however, than Monday's programme was the style of its execution. On that point it is easy to speak. The Cologne choristers have come here prepared to sustain their reputation, and to show that the men of 1883 are equal to those of 1857. Their singing displays the old features of excellence, with, perhaps, an improvement as regards quality of tone, especially in the first tenors. The hard and unsympathetic timbre of the German tenor voice is certainly less obvious in the present choir, while the *mezza-voce*, which seems to have been carefully cultivated, is even, pure, sweet, and flexible. As the basses, both first and second, are splendid, and the parts admirably balanced, the choir presents an *ensemble* in which it is difficult to detect a serious flaw. But the great and comprehensive merit of the Cologne Society is a perfect oneness. Whatever any member does at any given moment is done by all at the same time; the whole band being animated by a single soul. Hence, a marvellous precision, not only in taking up "points," and so on, but in verbal emphasis. Hence, also, examples of simultaneous effect which are perfectly startling, as when, for instance, the expression of vigorous action calls for quickened speed and growing force. At such moments the choir exercises the power of a mighty organ, with all the peculiar attributes of the human voice in addition. Other opportunities will arise of remarking upon the method of these singers, but their perfect discipline and complete subordination demand instant notice as qualities of the highest order. The effect upon the audience was complete, and established the choir in prompt and exalted favour. M. Ovide Musin varied the proceedings by playing, in his usual able manner, two violin solos, one being a Romance by Herr de Lange, and Herr Westberg sang Beethoven's "Adelaide" with moderate success.

The second concert, given on Tuesday afternoon, proved no less successful than the first, and was, perhaps, a little more interesting in regard of its selections. Mlle Kleeberg, a very clever pianist, just now giving recitals on her instrument, appeared on this occasion with marked success. The third performance took place on Thursday morning.—D. T.

OUR BIRD MUSIC.

The impression of an American on first hearing British song birds is pleasantly given in one of the current serials, and the reading of it must suggest to many a weary "Britisher" the reflection that he himself might write an article on the subject with almost as much freshness and sense of novelty as one who has just arrived from the other side of the Atlantic. Comparatively few people in these busy days know much about bird music, and anyone, for instance, who for years past has been accustomed to live in London throughout the year, with the exception of a few weeks' holiday in the autumn, must be practically as unfamiliar with the wild songsters of his own country as any American can be.

The Transatlantic observer finds our midsummer chorus rather disappointing. He ought, if he wished to form a just opinion of the vocal chorus of our woods and country sides, to have made his observations in spring. Many of our birds, it is true, do not cease their song for the year by midsummer; but they are never so vigorous, so hearty, so incessant in their outpouring, as during the time of incubation. Wherever there is incubation, says White of Selborne, there is song. The skylark itself—that embodiment of vocal vigour—is at its best while the delights of family life are as yet matters of hope and expectation, and at that time even the hen bird has been known to break out in a carol as wild and joyous as that of her mate. The lark begins to soar and sing very early in the year, but his early performances are rather poor and thin, and, though he keeps on for a good eight months, he gets a little throaty and harsh as the year gets on. The lark, however, at any season, ought to be a very impressive songster for an American ear, because it is a bird which does not belong to America. Some two or three years back 200 were imported into New Jersey, and something under 100 of them were liberated there on the 1st of May; and great seems to have been the rapture of Brother Jonathan. "Here it is," he writes; "the same delightful sound that has inspired

so many poets and charmed the Old World for ages, as pure and sweet as in its native grey sky. No one who has ever heard the shrill trilling note—not loud, but very distinct—will ever forget it or fail to know it again." The song of the skylark is not, according to our English estimate, exactly what we should call pure and sweet. We have many birds that would excel it in sweetness and in purity. It is its wild, rapturous gush which constitutes its great charm to most English ears, and in this respect our little lark has, we believe, no rival in America or anywhere else.

For sweetness and brightness of tone there is nothing that can very greatly excel the redbreast, though he has no great reputation as a songster. He is commonly supposed to do most of his singing towards the close of the year, but this is mainly because he is a more pertinacious vocalist than many others. "The redbreast," says Mr White, "sings all through the spring, summer, and autumn. The reason that they are called autumn songsters is because in the two first seasons their voices are drowned and lost in the general chorus; in the latter their voices become distinguishable. Many songsters of the autumn seem to be the young male robins of that year." The song of this cheery little bird has been asserted to be, under some circumstances, a singularly trustworthy weather forecast. "On a summer evening," says an anonymous writer in the *Magazine of Natural History*, "though the weather be unsettled, he sometimes takes his stand on the topmost twig that looks up to the sky, or on the housetops, singing cheerfully and sweetly. When this is observed, it is an unerring promise of succeeding fine weather."

It is curious to observe how very common is the imitative faculty in birds. The blackbird is said by those who have carefully studied his song to be a great adept at borrowing ideas. His own proper song, mellow, rich, and powerful though it is, is decidedly wanting in variety. His notes are few, and his compass not very great. But he has been known to pick up the "jug-jug-jug" of the nightingale, the song of the cuckoo, and even the harsh cackle of the barnyard hen has been noticed among his ditties when he has had an opportunity of study, such as confinement in a cage affords. This is one of our finest song birds, but to be heard in perfection he should be listened to on a still, mild evening of a moist April day. His notes are mellow and richer at that time than at midsummer. The blackbird sings pretty steadily throughout the summer, and, heard under favourable circumstances, there is hardly anything in bird music more delicious. The performer ought to be in his best voice and perched on the top of a tall tree about sunset on a still evening. On the whole, however, it may be questioned whether the thrush is not clearly his superior. This bird seems to be particularly meritorious in various ways. He is a model of conjugal affection, not only taking his full share in the important work of nest building, but occasionally helping his mate in the tedious process of hatching out the brood, as well as frequently cheering and encouraging her by his sweetest music between his turns of duty. This hatching takes place quite early in the year, sometimes by the end of March, and the song of the thrush is never so joyous and sweet and varied as during this season.

It is surely a wretched perverted taste which so many people have acquired for the gastronomic delicacy of skylarks and thrushes. Thrushes are not much eaten in this country, but they are on the Continent, just as skylarks are here, and it was stated a few years ago that Wagner, of all the men in the world, was one of the greediest devourers of his fellow-musicians. There have been musicians who have professed to be excruciated by the shocking want of ear of the songsters of the woods. Possibly Wagner was one of them; or was it that by feeding on thrushes he hoped to appropriate some of their brilliancy and *verve*? A less common bird than the familiar song thrush is the missel thrush, not so efficient a songster, but a great favourite in some parts from his habit of piping up merrily in the midst of storms such as usually quell the spirits of other birds. Just at this season of the year the nightingale is perhaps the most highly esteemed of the musicians of our woods. It seems very probable that the honours accorded to this bird should be somewhat divided occasionally. That imitative faculty to which allusion has just been made is possessed to a considerable degree by the sedge-warbler among others. This pleasant little denizen of marshy ground and river banks will often pick up the peculiar strains of the nightingale, and, as he will frequently continue his song long after daylight has passed, an inexperienced listener may sometimes be led to mistake one for the other. Few songs are more placid and pleasant than the babblings of this little bird on the margin of a stream, especially in still weather. The list of our song-birds is a long one, and it numbers perhaps as many high-gifted specimens as any similar list for any country in the world can show. The foreigner who comes to our woods and fields and is disappointed with our concert must either have formed an extravagant preconception or must be very unfortunate.—Globe.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT NO. 23.

1793.

(Continued from page 357.)

Mozart died loaded with debts; but his wife and children met with ample and honourable protection and support. The debts of Mozart had perhaps not been necessary; but he had too generous a disposition to be an economist.

The genius and talents of Mozart were chiefly displayed by the employment of wind instruments, and in this it was that he showed his greatest powers. His melody is always simple, natural, and energetic, accurately expressing the sentiments and individual situations of his personages. His choruses and all his finales are truly excellent.

The disposition of Mozart was naturally kind, gentle, and frank. In a private society a new piece of Haydn's was performed; and a certain musician, who was never heard to praise any composition but his own, did not fail to criticise the music. "There, now," he exclaimed to Mozart, "there is a passage that I should not have written."—"Nor I either," was the answer; "and I will tell you why: we should neither of us have been able to conceive it." As a proof how laborious Mozart was in his profession, it is well known that he composed six different pieces during the last four months of his life; although he was continually ill, and obliged to undertake two journeys during the time. I have heard Haydn, while he was in England, declare that Mozart was the most extraordinary, original, and comprehensive musical genius that was ever known in this or any age.

A few hours before his death, Mozart said, "I begin to see what might be done with music." This observation confirms me in the opinion I have long entertained, that the more the field of science is explored, the more extended is the prospect, and that the man who thinks he has done enough, has done nothing.

The professional concert commenced on the 1st of February at the Hanover Square Rooms. In order to satisfy the thirst of the public for novelty, some fine glees were introduced this season, composed expressly for the undertaking by Mr Webbe, Dr Calcot, Messrs Danby, and R. T. Stevens. They were admirably sung, and were greatly applauded. The concertos of the season were performed by Cramer, the elder Parke, Cervetto, myself, Parkinson, and Clementi. Cramer, seeing amongst the company at the first concert Mr B—1, a leading resident professor of music at Manchester, related the following curious piece of civility which he had received from that gentleman: Cramer being engaged to lead the band at a late music meeting at Manchester, was invited by Mr B—1 to dine with him, when, amongst other vegetables on the table, were some turnips (a root Lancashire is famous for), which he praised very much. In the early part of the following year Cramer received a letter from Mr B—1, informing him, that he had by the wagon sent him a present of a few turnips, which would be forwarded to his house. A few days afterwards the present, a whole hoghead of turnips, was brought in a cart to Newman Street, for the carriage of which Cramer had to pay—two guineas!

The nobility's Sunday concerts began for the season, at the Duke of Queensberry's, where the faro table proved a powerful rival to the music, and perhaps formed the great point of attraction. The music, however, was highly advantageous to the numerous and elegant assemblage; for when the beautiful countenances of the ladies were ruffled, and even distorted by their losses at the former, by listening a short time to the latter, they became tranquilised, and recovered their wonted fascinations. Cramer led the fine band of the professional concert. The Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York and Clarence were present. Salomon's concert commenced in Hanover Square, the 7th of February. Signor Bruni and Signora Storace were the singers. Viotti played a violin concerto in a style of great perfection, and Dussek played one on the pianoforte, in which he displayed every elegance and expression of which that instrument is susceptible. The concert of ancient music commenced in Tottenham Street, the 7th of February, in the presence of their Majesties, and the vocal concert (its second season) at Willis's rooms, the 9th of February, of which Mr Weichsell was leader.

This season I went, in company with Messrs Bowden and Inledon, and Mrs Martyr, (all of Covent Garden Theatre,) to Portsmouth, where we gave some concerts during Passion-week at the Assembly Rooms. This musical undertaking was patronized by Lord Boyle, the present Earl of Cork, the Honourable Captain (afterwards Admiral Nugent), and Mrs Nugent, Sir Roger Curtis, &c., &c. The company, who were numerous and elegant, were much gratified with the songs, &c., particularly with Inledon's "Black eyed Susan," "The Storm," and "Sweet Echo," finely sung by Mrs Martyr, and accompanied in an adjoining room by me on the oboe. I also played a concerto on that instrument, in which I introduced, as the subject

of my rondo Dibdin's popular air, "Poor Jack," which received enthusiastic applause. We had intended to give two concerts only; but at the request of several of the leading personages in Portsmouth, we were induced to give two additional ones. Through the kindness of the late Mr Motley, the proprietor of the library, to whom I was recommended by my friend Captain Barlow, I had lodgings prepared for me at the house of one of the pursers serving in the fleet which then lay there. Being up rather late at a party after the first concert, when I went home I requested the old lady (the purser's wife), who opened the door for me, not to let the servant knock at my bedroom door till nine o'clock in the morning. I was, notwithstanding, very unceremoniously roused at five, by a bang from a forty-eight pounder of the admiral's ship, which, being quite unexpected on my part, had that effect on me, that when I had recovered from the surprise it had occasioned, I found myself out of bed, and standing on the carpet, whilst the good people of Portsmouth no doubt were, from habit, enjoying their slumbers undisturbed. During the time I remained at Portsmouth I had the pleasure of being introduced to the gallant Sir Roger Curtis, whose superior skill and courage were so gloriously blended with humanity, in the destruction of the French and Spanish gun-boats, in their attack on Gibraltar in the year 1782. Walking one morning up the High Street, I received a sailor's compliment from that distinguished commander, Sir A. S. Hammond, who, while I was passing the door of the hotel, said to a friend with him, in the true nautical style,—"That's a d—d fine oboe player sailing by." At our last concert the room was crowded to excess; and the whole of it went off with such *éclat*, that our departure for London the following morning was perhaps honoured by the regrets of all the fashionable and respectable persons in Portsmouth and its vicinity.

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

Mdme Dêmètre Jonesco (Miss Bessie Richards) will very shortly return to England, on a brief visit to her parents. All her professional comrades, and friends in general, will give her the heartiest of welcomes; and the longer she stays among us the better. She has recently given a concert on behalf of the English school and church at Bucharest. An account of this, for which we are indebted to a correspondent, will be found on another page.

HANDEL FESTIVAL.—We have just been informed that the post of conductor has been assigned to Mr Manns, in consequence of the continued indisposition of Sir Michael Costa.

Masini, the tenor, is in Milan.

Gayarre has had a relapse of fever but is now better.

A monument to Julius Otto is to be erected in Dresden.

The Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, is now lighted by electricity.

The tenor Bulterini has been singing at the Politeama, Florence.

Stagno, the tenor, is in Naples, where he intends staying some time.

Victorin Sardou has been created a Knight of the Crown of Italy.

Bottesini intends giving a few concerts in the autumn at Aix-les-Bains.

The season commenced at the Politeama, Rome, with Gounod's *Faust*.

R. Remondi has been created Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Sig. Scalisi, manager of the San Carlo, Naples, was, a short time since, in Milan.

The Gaiety Theatre of Varieties in Manchester has been totally destroyed by fire.

There is to be a Mapleson Grand English Opera Company next season in New York.

Signora Casanova-De Cepeda is spending the summer, as usual, at her villa, Corogna (Spain).

Mr H. E. Abbey was lately in Milan making engagements for his coming season in New York.

Scaria, chief bass of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has been singing at Kroll's Theater, Berlin.

It is said that Verdi will make various alterations in *La Forza del Destino*, as he did in *Don Carlos*.

Wagner's only son, Siegfried, was confirmed on the 20th ult. in the chief Protestant Church, Bayreuth.

After the lapse of twenty years, Mozart's *Idomeneo* has been revived at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

It appears there was a deficit of 5,000 dols. at the Triennial Handel and Haydn festival, Boston, U.S.

Sig. Cagnoni has completed a grand opera, with a libretto founded on Shakspeare's *King Lear* by Ghislanzoni.

Felicità Carozzi-Ferri will probably replace little Fosberg as *prima ballerina* at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

A new operetta, *Festa d'amore*, by Sig. Matteini, has been successfully produced at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.

M. Darot, Sig. Muzio's pupil, is engaged to appear successively at Forlì, Alessandria, Turin, Verona, and Venice.

On leaving Milan, Elena Varesi appeared for a limited number of nights in *Il Barbiere*, at the Teatro Alfieri, Turin.

The Teatro Nuovo, Verona, will in future be known as the Teatro Foroni, after the Veronese composer of the same name.

The New York Liederkrantz have presented Max Bruch with 250 dols. as a sign of their appreciation of his compositions.

Levy, the cornet-player, was to commence his summer season at Belmont Mansions, Philadelphia, U.S., on the 4th inst.

Julius Stockhausen lately sang at a sacred concert in Geisa, it being his first public appearance for a considerable time.

The marriage of Mr Wilford Morgan, composer of "My Sweet-heart when a Boy," and other popular songs, is announced.

Theodorini, the soprano, and Masini, the tenor of the *Requiem* (Verdi's), return to Madrid in the middle of next September.

Hedwig Reicher-Kindermann, the well-known Wagner-singer, died suddenly on the 2nd inst. at Trieste. She was not thirty.

Teresina Singer is engaged for the winter season at the Teatro del Liceo, Barcelona, so, likewise, are Pandolfini, Vidal, and Engel.

A new opera, *La Regina di Scozia*, music by a lady composer, Signora F. M. Stressa, is in rehearsal at the Teatro Vittorio Emanuele, Turin.

The operatic season at the Stadttheater, Cologne, was brought to a close with a performance of Marschner's *Vampyr*, Eugen Gura sustaining the title-part.

Dr Ludwig Nohl has gained the prize of 20 ducats offered by the Concordia Society, Prague, for the best essay on the "Influence of Wagner as affecting National Art."

Herr Adolf Beyschlag, conductor of the Belfast Philharmonic Society, has received an offer from the "Arion Society" of New York to conduct their performances at a salary of £300.

According to the Italian papers, the *Nibelungen* Tour was anything but a pecuniary success in Italy. Neumann and Seidl are said to be exceedingly indignant with Milan but very grateful to Venice and Bologna.

On Sunday morning, July 1st, at the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, a new original Grand Mass by Signor Mazzoni, for male voices, will be performed for the first time, with full orchestra, and organ accompaniments.

Herr Pauer has been presented with a highly complimentary address by the principal inhabitants of Mannheim, who express a wish that he may long continue to exercise the functions of *Capellmeister* at the Court and National Theatre there.

We are informed by the hon. secretary that the following principal singers have been engaged for the Leeds Musical Festival, to be held in October next: M^{me} Alwina Valleria, Miss Annie Marriott, Miss Anna Williams; M^{me} Patey, Miss Damian, Miss Hilda Wilson; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Maas; Mr F. King, Mr Blower, and Mr Santley.

Paris is at last to have an Italian Opera House of its own, according to the *Voltaire*. It would seem to be principally a ladies' enterprise, the names of M^{mes} de Pourtalès, de Polilly, de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, and others, the leaders here of the *grand monde*, being especially prominent. The locality chosen is the Théâtre des Nations, a building of medium size. M. Maurel, the baritone, is reported to be engaged, the names of the other artists not yet being announced.

Miss EDMÉE RICHARDS, a daughter of the late lamented Col. Alfred Bate Richards, appears every night in *Estrella* at the Folies Dramatiques. Graceful in her movements, with an intelligent expression, and good stage presence, she will doubtless soon be seen in more important characters than that which as a *débütante* she now sustains.

LEEDS TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—It has been arranged to hold this festival, of which the Queen is patron, on October 10, 11, 12, and 13. The programme includes Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and "Lobgesang," Raff's symphony oratorio, *The End of the World*, which will then be performed for the first time in England; Niels Gade's secular cantata, *The Crusaders*, Sir G. A. Macfarren's oratorio *King David* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Sir A. Sullivan will conduct.

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